

MARCH, 1937

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# *Detective* **COMICS**

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**BRAND NEW!**  
ACTION-PACKED  
STORIES IN  
**COLOR!**







# SPEED SAUNDERS

AND THE RIVER PATROL



IN EVERY LARGE CITY THERE ARE THE G-MEN. IN EVERY LARGE SEAPORT THERE ARE G-MEN - KNOWN AS THE HARBOR POLICE.

"SPEED" CYRIL SAUNDERS IS A SPECIAL OPERATIVE IN A UNIT OF THE RIVER PATROL.

NOW FOR A NICE QUIET EVENING AT HOME - A BOOK, MY PIPE -



HELLO -  
CYRIL SAUNDERS  
SPEAKING.



HELLO - SPEED? LISTEN, I'VE GOT A HOT CASE - CAN YOU COME OVER?

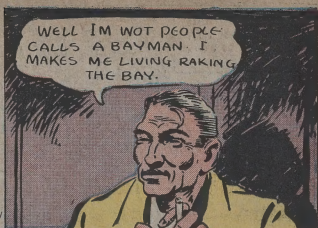


OH - HELLO, MR. MORAN. WHAT? YEAH - SURE! BE RIGHT OVER!



TAXI!  
TAXI!





-ME AND ME DATNER-IOE PLUM-WE BIN ATRAWLIN' AND DIGGIN' IN THE BAY FER NIGH ON TO 30 YEARS-



WE RARELY MISSED A DAY AND OUR HAULS WERE GOOD UNTIL ----





SPEED SAUNDERS  
COMBS THE CITY'S  
CHINATOWN FOR  
A CLUE



LISTEN LU - YOU KNOW  
THE UPS AND DOWNS OF  
CHINATOWN - ARE THERE  
ANY TONG WARS GOING  
ON?

GOLLY, NO!  
THIS DUMP  
SURE IS  
GETTING DEAD



AT THE MORGUE  
SPEED INSPECTS  
THE BODIES OF  
THE CHINAMEN

YOU'RE RIGHT, DOC!  
THESE ARE REAL  
ORIENTAL  
CHINAMEN



NOW YOU'RE NOT GOING  
TO TELL ME THAT THEY  
FLOATED HERE FROM  
CHINA?

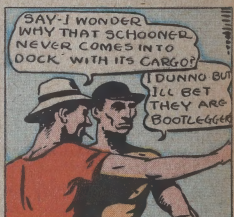
OH NO - BUT  
I'VE GOT  
AN IDEA!



FOR WEEKS  
SPEED LIVES  
AT THE DOCKS



AND WORKING AS A STEVEDORE  
HE IS ABLE TO WATCH THE SEA  
AND THE BOATS



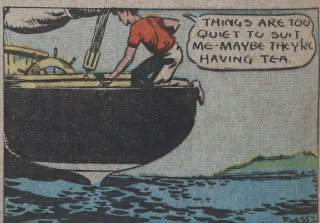
SAY - I WONDER  
WHY THAT SCHOONER  
NEVER COMES INTO  
DOCK WITH ITS CARGO?

I DUNNO BUT  
I'LL BET  
THEY ARE  
BOOTLEGERS

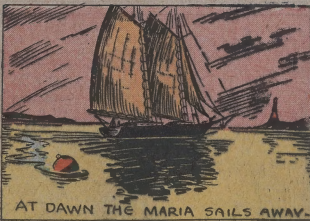
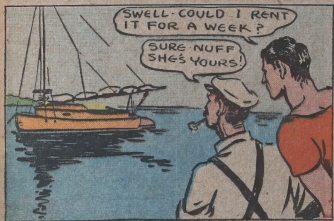
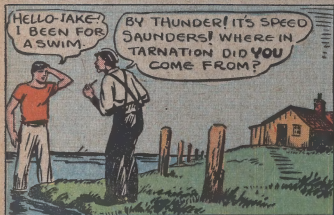
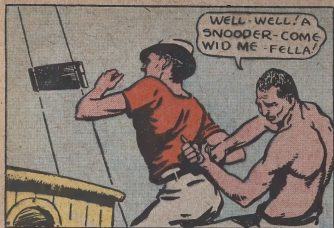


YES SONNY ALL  
YOU GOT TO DO IS  
TAKE ME TO THAT  
BOAT AND  
LEAVE ME

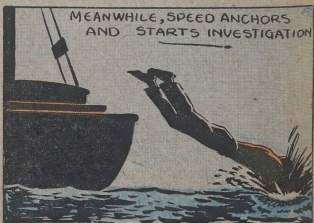
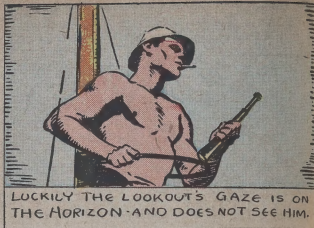
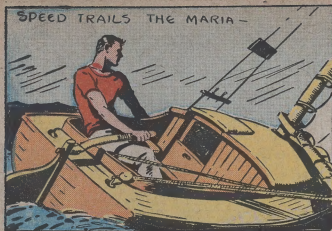
GEE, MISTER,  
AIN'THA SCARED  
THEM GUYS IS  
CUTTHROATS?

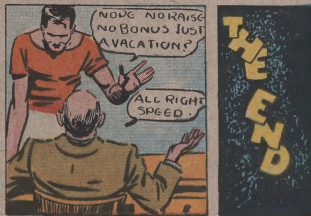
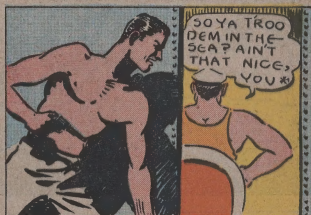


THINGS ARE TOO  
QUIET TO SUIT  
ME - MAYBE THEY'RE  
HAVING TEA





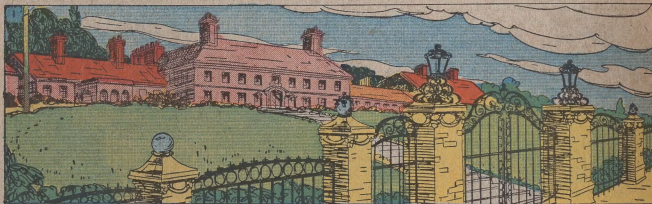




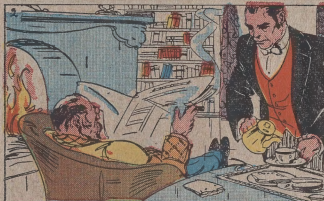
THE END

# COSMO, THE PHANTOM OF DISGUISE

ILLUSTRATED BY SVEN ELVÉN



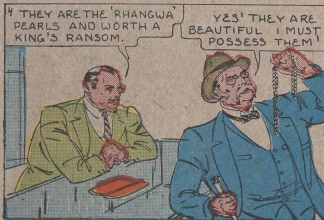
THE PALATIAL RESIDENCE OF GREGORY DILLINGWATER, AN ECCENTRIC AND EXTREMELY WEALTHY OLD MAN.



HE LIVES ALONE WITH HIS MANSERVANT, BUCKLEY

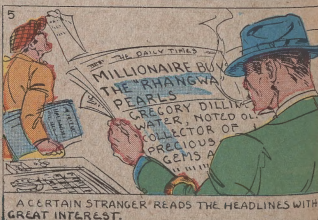


DILLINGWATER COLLECTS PRECIOUS GEMS AS A HOBBY



"THEY ARE THE 'RHANGWA' PEARLS AND WORTH A KING'S RANSOM."

"YES! THEY ARE BEAUTIFUL. I MUST POSSESS THEM!"



A CERTAIN STRANGER READS THE HEADLINES WITH GREAT INTEREST.



1 I SAY, SIR, IS'NT IT RATHER UNADVISABLE KEEPING SUCH VALUABLE GEMS ABOUT THE HOUSE?

2 TUT, TUT, BUCKLEY! WHAT WITH THE POLICE AND THIS MOST MODERN BURGLAR-PROOF SAFE MADE, WE REALLY HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR!



3 THERE IS ONE MAN, HOWEVER, QUITE UNIMPRESSED BY SAFES AND THE POLICE.



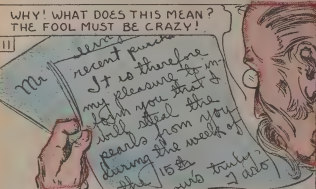
4 LATE ONE NIGHT THERE COMES A STEALTHY KNOCK AT THE DOOR.



5 STARTLED, THE BUTLER CAREFULLY PEERS OUT, --- NO ONE IS THERE!!



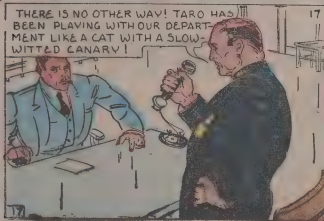
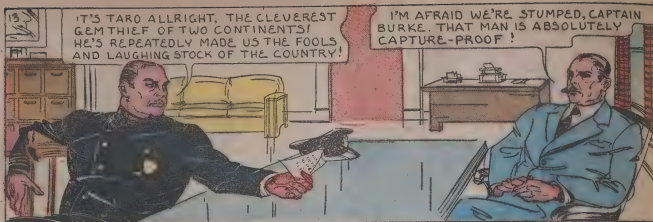
6 BUCKLEY FINDS A LETTER UNDER THE FRONT DOOR, ADDRESSED TO DILLINGWATER.

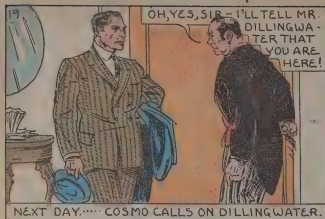


7 THE LETTER STATES THAT THE PEARLS WILL BE STOLEN THE WEEK OF THE 15TH, AND IS SIGNED, TARO.

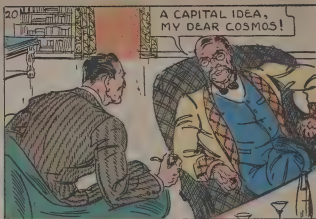


8 GET IN TOUCH WITH THE POLICE IMMEDIATELY, BUCKLEY!





NEXT DAY..... COSMO CALLS ON DILLINGWATER.



MEANWHILE, THE POLICE KEEP A CLOSE VIGIL ON THE DILLINGWATER ESTATE.



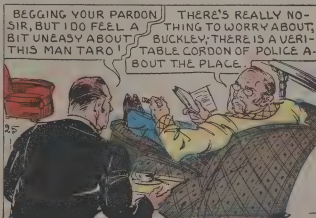
TARO CONCEIVES A DARING PLAN - DISGUIISING HIMSELF AS ONE OF THE POLICE.----



HE STUDIES HIS INTENDED VICTIMS AND GROUNDS.



THE POLICE QUESTION ALL SUSPICIOUS CHARACTERS.







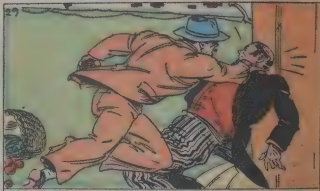
26 THE WEEK OF THE 15<sup>TH</sup>  
A FRUIT-PEDDLER COMES DOWN THE STREET



27 WELL, JOE, HOW'S BUSINESS?  
NOT SO VERRA GOOD IF YOU  
EAT ALL A DA FRUIT, MEESTER!



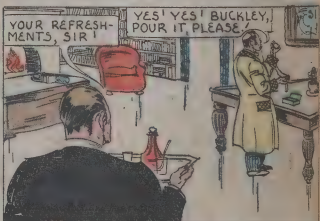
28 TARO CLEVERLY GETS BY THE POLICE, AND  
GETS BUCKLEY TO THE BACK-DOOR.



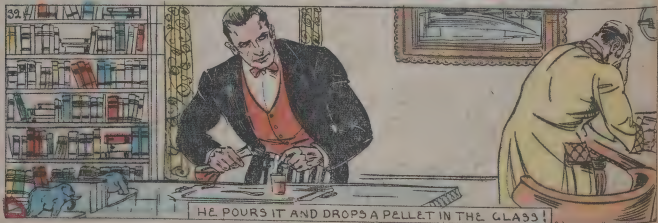
29 HE LEAPS UPON THE UNSUSPECTING BUCK-  
LEY, BINDS HIM AND DONS HIS CLOTHES.



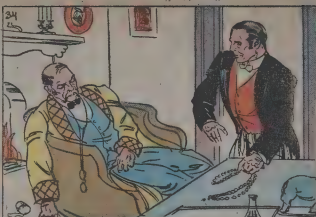
30 OLD DILLINGWATER IS ADMIRING HIS PRECIOUS  
PEARLS.



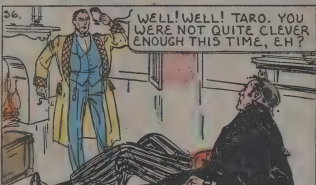
31 YES! YES! BUCKLEY,  
POUR IT, PLEASE!  
YOUR REFRESH-  
MENTS, SIR!



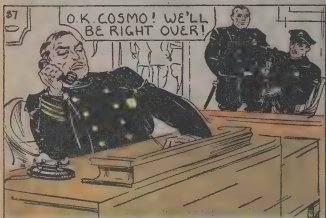
32 HE POURS IT AND DROPS A PELLET IN THE GLASS!



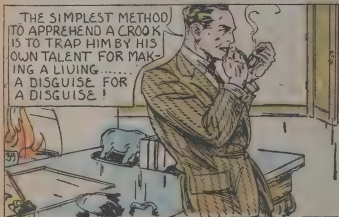
SUDDENLY DILLINGWATER SPRINGS UPON TARO, OVERPOWERS AND HANDCUFFS HIM.



DILLINGWATER STEPS BACK, PULLS OFF THE WIG, AND REVEALS HIMSELF AS COSMO.



THE REAL BUCKLEY IS RELEASED FROM THE CELLAR.



# BRET LAWTON



THE ACE INTERNATIONAL DETECTIVE IS CONFRONTED WITH A SERIES OF BAFFLING MURDERS. MYSTERY AND ADVENTURE LURK AT EVERY STEP AS HE PENETRATES THE SILENT PERUVIAN JUNGLES.



CRISTOBAL, PANAMA. A QUIET TOWN IN CENTRAL AMERICA WHERE MANY TOURISTS SPEND THEIR VACATIONS.

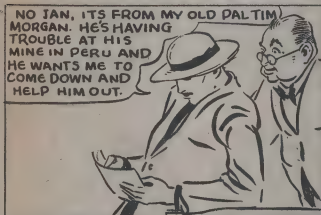


PARDON-SEÑOR LAWTON  
THERE IS TELEGRAM FOR YOU  
AT THE HOTEL.



HERE YOU ARE MISTER BRETT. I  
GUESS IT'S FROM YOUR GIRL

THANKS  
JAN.



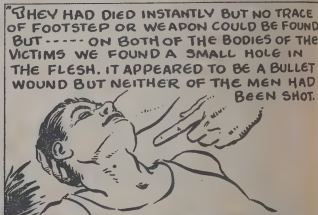
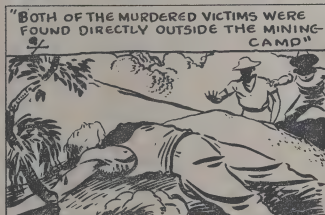
NO JAN, IT'S FROM MY OLD PAL TIM  
MORGAN. HE'S HAVING  
TROUBLE AT HIS  
MINE IN PERU AND  
HE WANTS ME TO  
COME DOWN AND  
HELP HIM OUT.

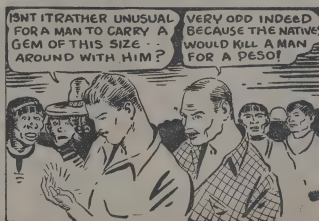
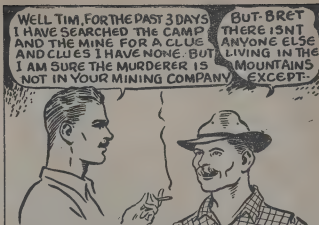
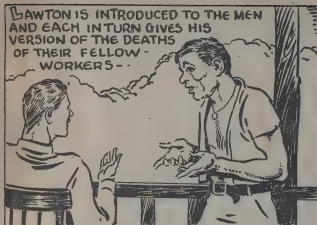


ARE YOU  
GOING BRETT?

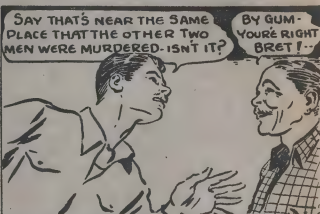
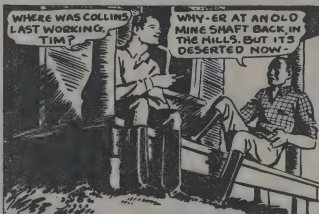
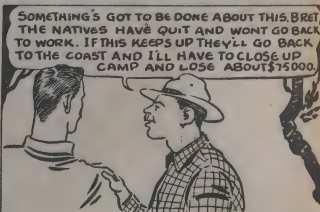
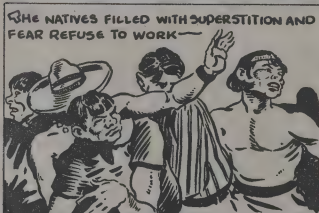
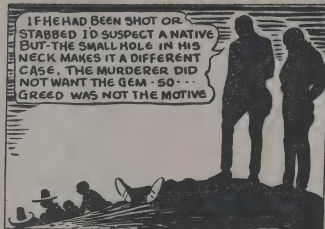
YES JAN, I'M  
TAKING THE NEXT  
BOAT. TIM MORGAN  
IS IN TROUBLE.







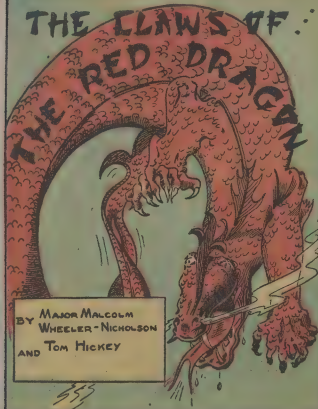




MEANWHILE HIGH ABOVE  
THEM STANDS AN INCA  
PRIEST IN CEREMONIAL  
GARB, GLARING DOWN  
WITH HATRED AND  
MALICE IN HIS  
CRUEL EYES!



WHO IS THIS MYSTERIOUS INCA PRIEST?  
IS HE THE MURDERER?  
WILL BRETLAWTON SOLVE THE JUNGLE  
MYSTERY?  
READ NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE FOR THE  
ANSWERS-



HOWEVER, THIS WAS NOT AN ORDINARY DRAGON. THE DRAGON'S FEET WERE ARMED WITH 7 CLAWS, THE SACRED SYMBOL OF THE IMPERIAL RULERS OF CHINA!

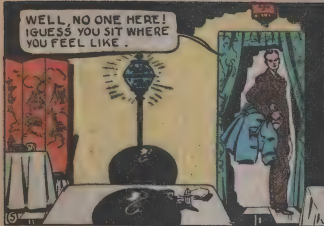


A MURKY, WET NIGHT IN SAN FRANCISCO. IN A SIDE STREET STANDS THE LEAN, SINEWY FIGURE OF NELSON GAZING AT AN ILLUMINATED SIGN. IT FORMS A CHINESE DRAGON, ODDLY OUT OF PLACE AMONGST THE GREAT BULK OF LOFTS AND OFFICE BUILDINGS.





WELL, NO ONE HERE!  
I GUESS YOU SIT WHERE  
YOU FEEL LIKE.



SEVERAL MINUTES PASSED WHILE NELSON  
SAT THERE AND GREW UNCOMFORTABLE, FEEL-  
ING, SOMEHOW, THAT HE WAS BEING WATCHED.



AT LAST, BECOMING IMPATIENT, HE RAPPED SMART-  
LY WITH HIS SEAL RING AGAINST A WATER GLASS.



IN RAPPING ON THE GLASS NELSON IS CAREFUL  
TO USE THE HEAVY GOLD PART OF THE RING.  
THE CENTER OF THE RING IS MADE OF VERY  
FINE RED JADE DONE IN THE LIKENESS OF A  
CLAWED DRAGON'S FOOT.



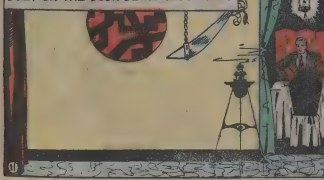
THERE WAS NO RESPONSE, EXCEPT WHAT HE IM-  
AGINED WAS A STEALTHY WHISPERING FROM THE  
SHADOWS AT THE FAR END OF THE ROOM.



MAYBE I SHOULD HAVE  
BROUGHT A SANDWICH.-  
HEY! HOW ABOUT  
SOME SERVICE??



THERE FOLLOWED THE SOFT PAD  
OF UNSHOED FEET IN THE HALLWAY....  
NELSON HEARS THE CLICK OF THE  
BOLT ON THE DOOR BEING SHOT HOME.



WHAT THE DICKENS!



WITH THE EXCEPTION OF THE CLICKING OF THE BOLT, THE EERIE SILENCE PERSISTS.

1 SAY! - ISN'T THERE A WAITER AROUND?

- STILL NO RESPONSE -

I'LL GET SOMETHING TO EAT HERE IF I HAVE TO COOK IT MY-SELF!

AS NELSON STARTS TO RISE HE SUDDENLY BECOMES AWARE OF A HUMAN FORM LOOMING ABOVE HIM.

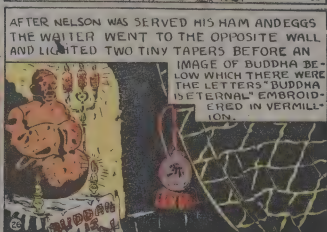
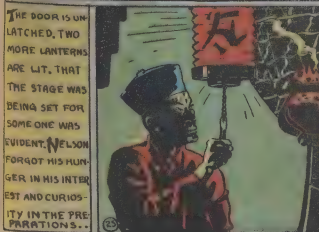
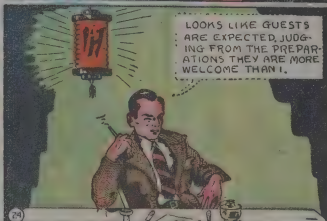
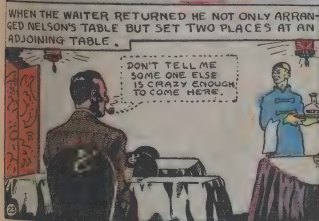
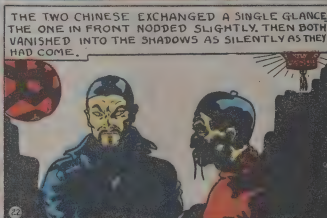
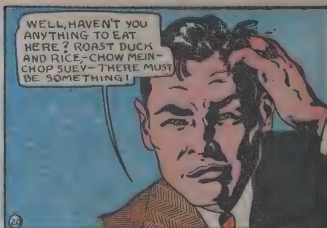
YOU STARTLED ME. WHERE DID YOU DROP FROM?

THE SINISTER, SILENT FORM SEEMED TO TOWER OVER NELSON.

DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND ENGLISH? ISN'T THERE SOME ONE IN THIS PLACE TO WAIT ON A CUSTOMER?

THE MAN BEFORE HIM SILENTLY BOWS HIS HEAD - THEN -

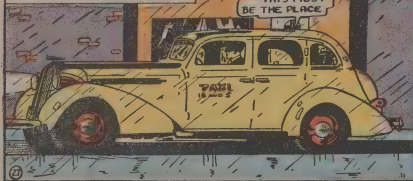
NELSON WHIRLS IN ASTONISHMENT AS THE ANSWER TO HIS QUESTION COMES FROM BEHIND HIM. THERE STANDS ANOTHER GIGANTIC FORM!!





SEVERAL MINUTES PASSED IN SILENCE, AND THEN NELSON HEARD THE SLIDE AND CREAM OF A CAR COMING TO A STOP OUTSIDE.

THIS MUST BE THE PLACE



SOON THERE WERE VOICES AT THE OUTER DOOR. ONE, THE DEEP AND RESONANT VOICE OF A MAN, SPEAKING WITH THE TRACE OF AN ACCENT, THE OTHER IS THE CLEAR, BEAUTIFUL CONTRALTO VOICE OF A WOMAN. THE LATTER VOICE FACINATES NELSON

BOY! THAT'S A VOICE IN A MILLION



BY NOW THREE CHINESE HAD APPEARED OUT OF THE DARKNESS. ONE STOOD AT THE VACANT AND WAITING TABLE, THE OTHER JUST INSIDE THE DOOR, AND THE THIRD WAS GREETING THE NEWCOMERS.



THE TWO STRANGERS -

I DON'T LIKE THIS PLACE, FATHER.

DON'T BE FOOLISH, LIEBSCHEN.



ACROSS HIS VISION PASSED THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL HIS EYES HAD EVER BEHELD. . .



NELSON STARED IN THE DIRECTION OF THE VOICES BUT THE SHADOW CAUSED BY THE BULK OF THE CHINESE AT THE DOOR OBSCURED THE STRANGERS.

-THEN-



AS THE GROSSER BULK OF THE MAN PASSED, NELSON STARTED IN ASTONISHMENT AS HIS GAZE FELL ON THE RING WORN BY THE NEWCOMER.



GOOD LORD! HIS RING IS IDENTICAL WITH MINE



THAT'S A STRANGE COINCIDENCE! - VERY STRANGE.



HIS EYES THEN FELL ON THE CHINESE WAITER. HE SEEMED TO HAVE BECOME TENSE, REMINDING ONE OF A PANTHER GETTING READY TO SPRING ...



NELSONS' INTEREST AND CURIOSITY NOW REDOUBLED AS HE WATCHED THEM SEATED.



I FEEL UNEASY. SOMETHING QUEER IS GOING ON HERE OR I'M A CHINAMAN!



ONCE AGAIN NELSON'S EYES SWEEPED TOWARDS THE GIRL. HIS HEART THROBBED STRANGELY AS HE GAZED UPON HER. HE FELT SURE SHE WAS IN DANGER HERE ...



FROM THE SHADOWS IN THE REAR AGAIN CAME THE STRANGE, FAINT, CHILLING MURMURS.

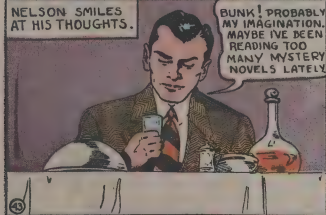


THRU THE SHADOWS CAME A QUICK GLEAM AS OF LIGHT STRIKING STEEL.



NELSON SMILES AT HIS THOUGHTS.

BUNK! PROBABLY MY IMAGINATION. MAYBE I'VE BEEN READING TOO MANY MYSTERY NOVELS LATELY.



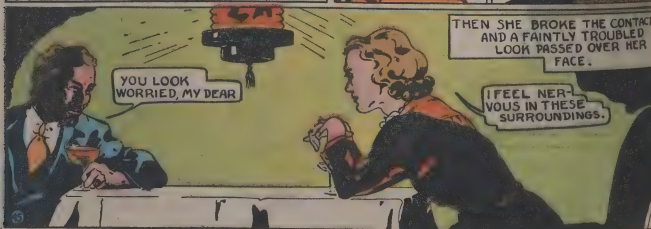
AT THIS MOMENT THE GIRL LOOKED IN HIS DIRECTION. THEIR GLANCES MET AND CLUNG....



THEN SHE BROKE THE CONTACT AND A FAINTLY TROUBLED LOOK PASSED OVER HER FACE.

I FEEL NERVOUS IN THESE SURROUNDINGS.

YOU LOOK WORRIED, MY DEAR





A STEALTHY FIGURE GLIDED SWIFTLY UP A DARK ALLEY LEADING TO THE BACK OF THE RESTAURANT.



THEY PROCEED ALONG A DARK PASSAGEWAY CONVERTING IN LOW GUTTURAL TONES.



THE FIGURE RAPS AT THE REAR DOOR. A HUGE, SINISTER-LOOKING CHINESE ADMITS HIM



THE PASSAGE ENTERS INTO A RICHLY DECORATED ROOM. AN IMPOSING CHINESE DOMINATES THE ROOM.



THE GIRL'S FATHER SHOT A PIERCING LOOK IN NELSON'S DIRECTION. THE TWO MEN GAVE A BARELY PERCEPTIBLE NOD.



50

SHORTLY TWO CHINESE ARRIVED AND SERVED THE COUPLE.



51

TO NELSON'S SURPRISE THEY ARE SERVED A FULL COURSE DINNER, ALL THE CHINESE DELICACIES AND TRIMMINGS THAT HAD BEEN DENIED HIM!



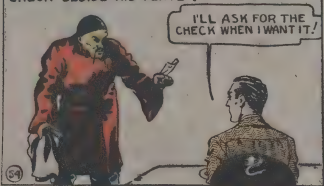
52

HE HAD DIFFICULTY REPRESSING A FAINT START WHEN HE FOUND THE MAN LOOMING CLOSELY OVER HIS SHOULDER.



53

WITHOUT ANSWERING THE MAN PLACED THE CHECK BESIDE HIS PLATE.



54

FURTHERMORE, BRING ME SOME TEA, NUTS AND FRUIT, -PRONTO!



55

56

NELSON GAZED UP AT HIM IN GROWING ANGER, THEN GLANCED AT THE OTHER TABLE WHERE ALL THE THINGS HE HAD ASKED FOR WERE IN PLAIN VIEW



WHILE HE STARED, THE WAITER SUGGESTIVELY SHOVED THE CHECK FORWARD AGAIN.

WHAT'S THIS BIRD UP TO?



SENSING THAT HIS PRESENCE WAS NOT DESIRED, HE GREW INCREASINGLY CURIOUS AND STUBBORN.

I TELL YOU I HAVEN'T FINISHED MY MEAL YET! I DEMAND WHAT I HAVE ASKED FOR! IF YOU CAN'T GET IT SEND THE PROPRIETOR HERE!



HIS VOICE ROSE SLIGHTLY IN HIS ANGER AND HE FELT THE EYES OF THE OTHER TWO GUESTS UPON HIM.

IF I WERE THE YOUNG MAN I WOULDN'T ANTAGONIZE THESE PEOPLE!



THE WAITER SAW THE COUPLE'S SURPRISE AND GREW AGITATED.

YES, YES, I WILL BRING THEM!



HE RETURNS WITH THE ORDER. AS NELSON EATS SLOWLY THE WAITER MAKES REPEATED ATTEMPTS TO HURRY HIM BY REMOVING PLATES, BOWLS, ETC.



NELSON, GRINNING TO HIMSELF, FORE STALLED THESE ATTEMPTS AND ATE SLOWLY AND CALMLY

OH, NO YOU DON'T, OLD BOY!!



THE TENSE NERVOUS FEELING CREATED BY THE ATMOSPHERE OF THE PLACE WAS PUTTING HIS NERVE'S ON EDGE. HE NOTICED THAT THE GIRL ALSO SEEMED NERVOUS. HER FOOD WAS SCARCELY TOUCHED.



ONCE OR TWICE SHE GLANCED HIS WAY. NELSON IMAGINED HE SAW A LITTLE FEAR AND SOMETHING LIKE APPEAL IN HER EYES.



BY THIS TIME THE FORCE OF WAITERS HAD INCREASED. TWO HOVERED ABOUT HIS OWN TABLE WHILE THREE WERE AT THE TABLE WHERE THE TWO STRANGERS SAT.



NELSON OBSERVED THAT ONLY ONE WAITER WAS SERVING THE COUPLE WHILE THE OTHER TWO STOOD CLOSE TO THE CHAIRS OF FATHER AND DAUGHTER RESPECTIVELY. THERE WAS MENACE IN THEIR CROUCHED AND TENSE ATTITUDE..





SOME THING'S GOING  
TO POP HERE, AND  
VERY SHORTLY, TOO!



THE WAITER, SEEMINGLY ACCIDENTALLY, DROPS  
A TRAY OF BOWLS NEAR THE TWO GUESTS.  
THEIR ATTENTION BECOMES CENTERED ON  
THIS FOR A SECOND.



THE RUSTLE AND WHISPER FROM THE REAR  
OF THE KITCHEN HAD ALMOST COMPLETELY  
DIED DOWN AND THE PLACE WAS IN SILENCE.  
BUT, THE SILENCE HAD BECOME OMINOUS, LIKE  
THE TENSE STILLNESS THAT USHERS IN A  
STORM ...

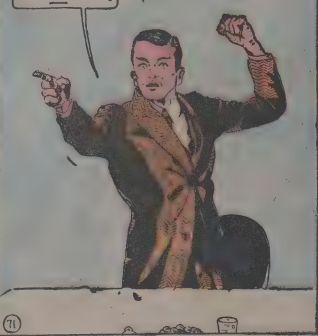
AND IN THAT  
RICHLY DECORATED  
REAR CHAMBER—

THRU A DEVICE RESEMB-  
LING A PERISCOPE, THE  
ENTIRE BUILDING CAN BE  
SURVEYED.



NELSON ROSE WITH A WARNING SHOUT AS  
THE TWO WAITERS BEHIND THE BACKS OF THE  
BLACK BEARDED MAN AND HIS BEAUTIFUL  
DAUGHTER MADE A SINGLE SWIFT STEP FOR-  
WARD, HOLDING SOMETHING WHITE IN THEIR  
HANDS ...

LOOK OUT!



HIS WARNING CAME TOO LATE,  
FOR THE SQUARES OF WHITE  
SILK DESCENDED WITH LIGHT-  
LIKE SPEED OVER THE HEADS  
OF THE TWO DINERS!



HE SAW NO MORE, FOR AT THAT SAME IN-  
STANT THE SOFT FOLDS OF SOME HEAVY  
SILK MATERIAL DROPPED AROUND HIS OWN  
HEAD, NEARLY STIFLING HIM .....



HE LUNGED FORWARD, UPSETTING THE  
TABLE, ONLY TO HAVE HIS LEGS KICKED OUT  
FROM UNDER HIM, AND A COIL OF ROPE TIGHT-  
ENED ABOUT HIS ARMS WHILE STRONG HANDS  
SEIZED HIM. ....



# GUMSHOE GUS

By BILL PATRICK



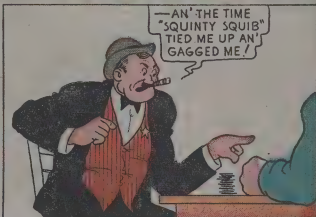
BOYS—DID I EVER TELL YUH ABOUT TH' TIME I CAPTURED "LOUIE TH' LUMP" AND HIS GANG?—WELL—

CHANGE YER TUNE GUS! YOU'VE WORN THAT ONE OUT!

YEAH—THE FIRST THING YUH KNOW YOU'LL BE BELIEVIN' IT YERSELF!



—AN' THE TIME "SQUINTY SQUIB" TIED ME UP AN' GAGGED ME!



IT'S TOO BAD HE DIDN'T LEAVE TH' GAG ON!

I SECOND THE MOTION!



YOU FLAT-FEET ARE JUST JEALOUS BECAUSE TH' CHIEF GIVES ME ALL TH' TOUGH JOBS!

THAT'S RIGHT, IF I REMEMBER CORRECTLY—YOU WERE ASSIGNED TO TH' DOG SHOW LAST TIME!



YEAH—AN' I'LL NEVER FORGET TH' LOOK ON GUS' FACE WHEN TH' JUDGES GAVE HIM TH' BLUE RIBBON FOR BEIN' TH' BEST POODLE IN TH' SHOW!



AW!—AIN'T NO USE TALKIN' T' YOU MUGS—YOU'RE JUST GREEN WITH ENVY!



HEY, GUS—THE  
CHIEF WANTS  
TO SEE YUH!

PROBABLY WANTS ME  
TO GO OUT AN' SOLVE  
A MURDER OR A BANK  
ROBBERY!

GUS, YOU'VE GOTTA GO OUT  
TO MRS. GOTLOTZ HOUSE—  
THERE'S A BIG AFFAIR ON  
AND YOU'VE GOTTA KEEP  
YOUR EYES ON THE JEWELS!

DON'T WORRY, CHIEF—  
I'LL KEEP ME GIMLET EYE  
ON TH' WHOLE WORKS!

YOUR NYME, SIR—  
AVE YOU HAN  
H'INVITATION?

I DON'T NEED NONE—  
I'M TH' POLICE!

VERY GOOD, SIR—  
YOU MAY HENTER

SAY,— DIDN'T YOU DO A  
STRETCH UP TH'  
RIVER?

H'I SIR?— OH, NO, SIR— H'I DO MY  
STRETCHING H'IN THE  
MORNING WHEN H'I  
H'ARISE, SIR— DAILY  
DOZEN SO TO SPEAK!

WHAT ARE YOUR DOOTIES  
HERE?— WHAT'S YER  
NAME?

H'I'M BUTLER  
H'AROUND HERE,  
MY—

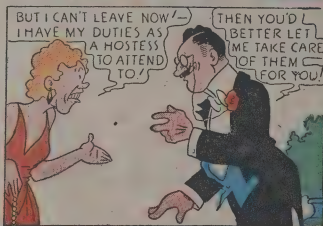
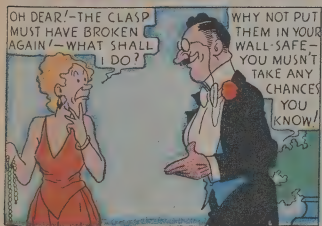
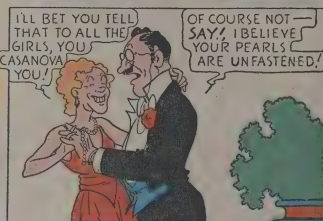
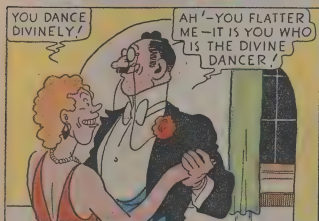
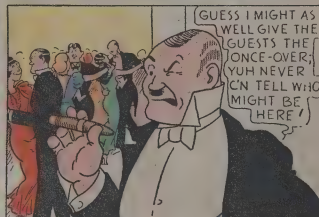
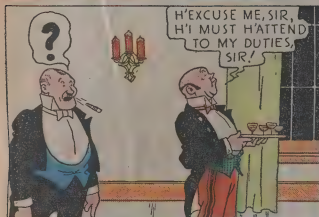
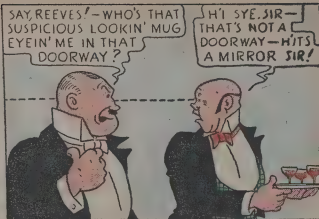
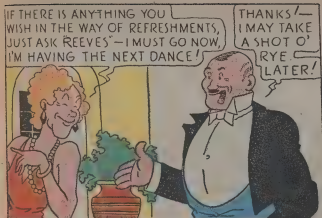
SO!— WORKIN' UNDER  
AN ALIAS, EH?— WHAT  
OTHER NAME DO YUH  
USE BESIDES **BUTLER**?

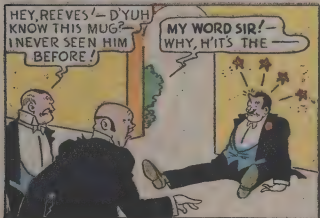
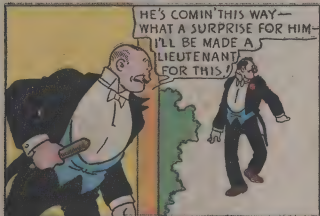
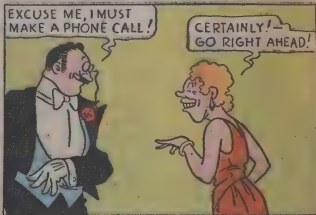
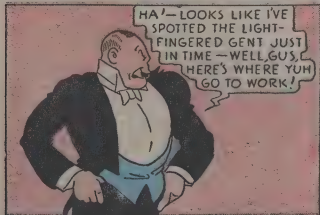
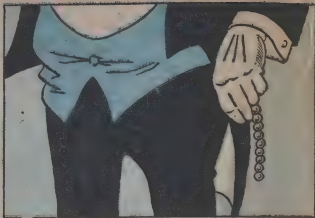
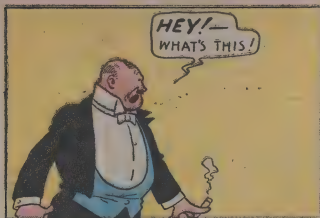
H'I MEAN, SIR, MY  
DUTIES ARE THOSE  
OF BUTLER— H'I  
SHALL NOTIFY MADAM  
THAT YOU ARE HERE!

HOW DO YOU DO— I AM  
MRS. GOTLOTZ—I'M SO  
GLAD YOU'VE COME— ONE  
NEVER KNOWS WHAT SORT OF  
PEOPLE MAY TRY TO THRUST  
THEMSELVES  
UPON ONE!

I DON'T KNOW WHICH  
ONE YUH MEAN— BUT  
DON'T WORRY ABOUT  
IT—I GOT ME  
GIMLET EYE OPEN







BART REGAN,

AGENTS

SPY

JEROME  
SIEGEL and  
JOE SHUSTER

BART REGAN IS ASTOUNDED TO RECEIVE A NOTICE DISCHARGING HIM FROM FURTHER SERVICE AS A FEDERAL AGENT

LOOK HERE, CHIEF, WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA?

NOW, DON'T GET EXCITED, REGAN! I'VE AN ORDER FROM HIGHER UP TO APPARENTLY FIRE YOU. IN REALITY YOU'RE TO BE TRANSFERRED TO THE SECRET SPY DETAIL. REPORT TO ROOM 2048 -- GOOD LUCK, BART!

WHEN BART REACHES ROOM 2048

MAYBE YOU'D RATHER BE A FEDERAL MAN AS YOU SAY, BUT YOU MUST FORGET PERSONAL PREFERENCES. YOU SEE, YOUR COUNTRY NEEDS YOU BADLY -- AS A SPY. WE ARE BEING HARRIED BY FOREIGN ESPIONAGE AGENTS AND WHILE WE MUST PROTECT OURSELVES, CANNOT COME OUT IN THE OPEN WILL YOU ACCEPT?

IF THAT'S THE CASE, I WILL

YOU REALIZE OF COURSE, YOU WILL NOT REPRESENT THE UNITED STATES OFFICIALLY, THAT IF YOU GET IN A TIGHT SPOT WE WILL NOT BE ABLE TO RECOGNIZE AND ASSIST YOU -- YOU'VE GOT TO SACRIFICE YOUR PERSONAL LIFE AND ALL THOUGHTS OF MARRIAGE

I'M SORRY, SON WE'RE PRACTICALLY ASKING YOU TO FORGET ALL YOU'VE EVER DREAMED AND -- DASH IT ALL! -- WE CAN'T EVEN GIVE YOU PUBLIC CREDIT FOR WHAT YOU'RE DOING.

IT'S ALL IN THE GAME, I GUESS.

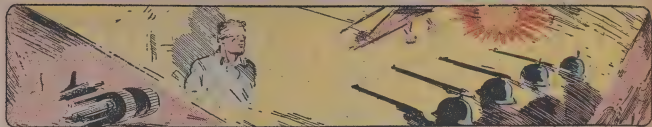
A GREAT SORROW STIFLES BART'S HEART AS HE ATTEMPTS TO SEVER THE LAST TIE WHICH BINDS HIM TO HIS FORMER LIFE

I GUESS OUR AFFAIR WAS ALL A MISTAKE, SALLY. SO LONG -- AND GOOD LUCK!

HE PHONES SALLY, NORRIS, HIS FIANCEE AND FALSELY TELLS HER HE NO LONGER LOVES HER

BUT SALLY HAS OTHER IDEAS

BART! -- HE HUNG UP! ... HE DOESN'T FOOL ME. I KNOW HE STILL LOVES ME. -- WELL, HE'LL SOON LEARN I'M HARD TO SHAKE OFF



THAT EVENING  
... FOLLOWING  
ORDERS, BART  
DONS AN ARMY  
CAPTAIN'S UNI-  
FORM. HE IS  
TO ATTEND A  
SOCIAL GATHER-  
ING AS "CAPTAIN  
MARKHAM"  
AND MAKE THE  
ACQUAINTANCE  
OF OLGA GAL-  
INOFF, WHO IS  
SUSPECTED OF  
USING HER  
CHARMS TO  
WORM VALU-  
ABLE ARMY  
SECRETS OUT  
OF YOUNG  
OFFICERS

I WONDER WHAT  
ONE SHOULD SAY  
UPON BEING INTRO-  
DUCED TO A BEAUTI-  
FUL FEMALE SPY



SALLY, DRIVING TO BART'S RESIDENCE  
IN THE HOPE OF AGAIN AROUSING HIS  
INTEREST IN HER, GLIMPSES HIM DRIVE  
OFF IN A TAXI

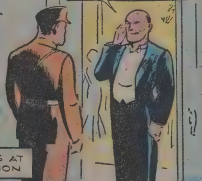
FOLLOW THAT  
TAXI DRIVER!  
-- SO! HE BREAKS  
OUR ENGAGEMENT  
THEN GOES OUT  
TO CELEBRATE!



WILL YOU PLEASE  
ANNOUNCE ME,  
BUTLER? I'M  
CAPTAIN MARKHAM

"REGAN" TO ME --  
DON'T WORRY BUDDY  
I'M A GOVERNMENT  
MAN, TOO. I'LL POINT  
OUT OLGA TO YOU

BART ARRIVES AT  
HIS DESTINATION



WHY, SALLY NORRIS!  
WHAT ARE YOU  
DOING HERE?

CRASHING YOUR  
PARTY SAY, WOULD  
YOU PLEASE INTRODUCE  
ME TO THAT HANDSOME  
OFFICER OVER THERE?

SALLY ARRIVES



BART AND OLGA GALINOFF ARE INTERRUPTED

CAPTAIN MARKHAM,  
I'D LIKE YOU TO  
MEET SALLY  
NORRIS

YOU!  
-- I - WHY -

CERTAINLY!  
I'D BE DE-  
LIGHTED TO  
DANCE  
WITH YOU!

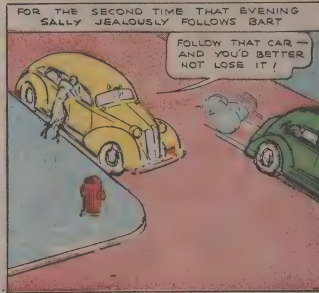
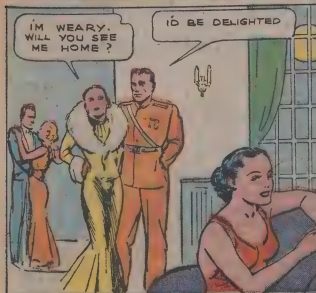


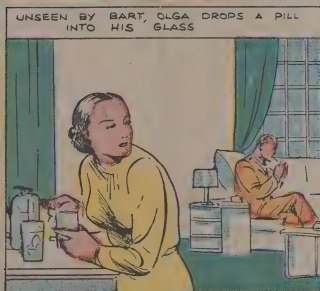
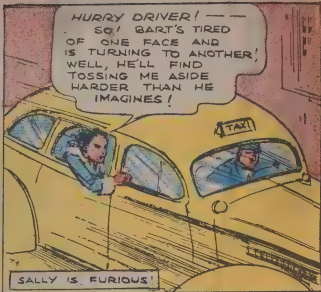
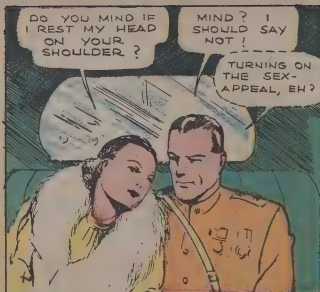
WHAT DO YOU  
MEAN BY PULL-  
ING ME OUT ON  
THE FLOOR? --  
HOW DID YOU  
GET IN HERE?

WELL, WELL, SO  
YOU'RE IN THE  
ARMY NOW!



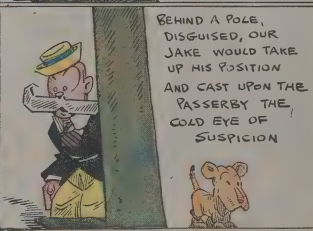
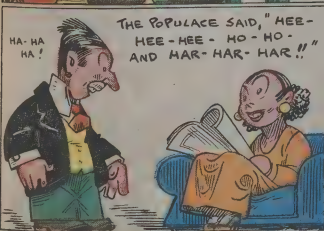
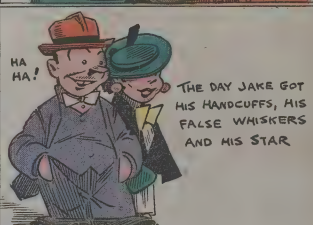
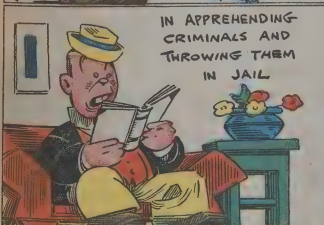
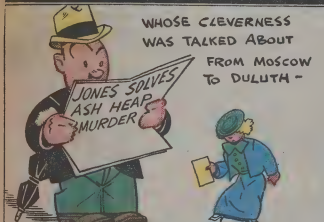
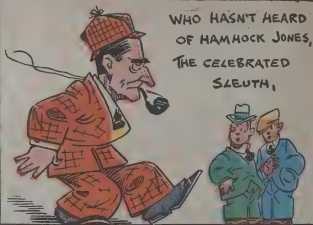






# EAGLE-EYED JAKE

BY ALGER

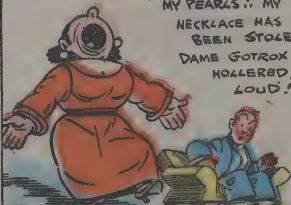


HEH-  
HEH!

SAID JAKE, "IN EACH  
DETECTIF'S BEAN  
THE IDEAR MUST BE  
PLANTED -  
IN TRYIN' T' SOLVE  
A MYSTERY  
WE TAKE TOO  
MUCH FER  
GRANTED!"



"MY PEARLS!! MY  
NECKLACE HAS  
BEEN STOLE!!"  
DAME GOTROX  
HOLLERED,  
LOUD!



REPORTERS LEARNED  
THE GOTROX PEARLS

WERE WORTH  
FIVE HUNDRED  
GRAND -



AND FROM AFAR  
DETECTIVES CAME -  
THE COSTLIEST  
IN TH' LAND.



THE LOCAL COPS  
ALL TRIED  
THEIR HAND  
WITHOUT A BIT  
OF LUCK

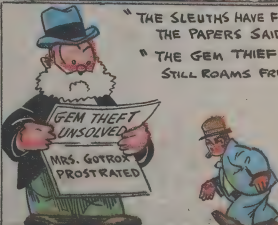


IT'S  
TOO DEEP  
FER ME!

AND, ONE BY ONE,  
THE HIGH-PRICED  
SLEUTHS  
ADMITTED THEY  
WERE STUCK !!

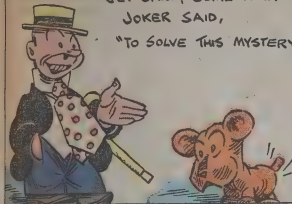


"THE SLEUTHS HAVE FAILED",  
THE PAPERS SAID,  
"THE GEM THIEF  
STILL ROAMS FREE."





"GET JAKE, SOME VILLAGE  
JOKER SAID,  
"TO SOLVE THIS MYSTERY"



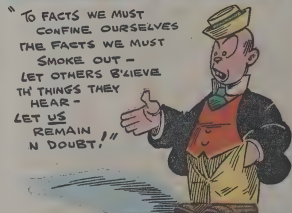
AND, STRANGE TO SAY,  
JAKE GOT THE CASE



AND SAID, "ALL THIS CONFUSION  
HAS COME BECAUSE YOU  
LOST YOUR HEADS  
AND JUMPED AT A  
CONCLUSION!"



"TO FACTS WE MUST  
CONFINE OURSELVES  
THE FACTS WE MUST  
SMOKE OUT -  
LET OTHERS BELIEVE  
TH THINGS THEY  
HEAR -  
LET US  
REMAIN  
N DOUBT!"



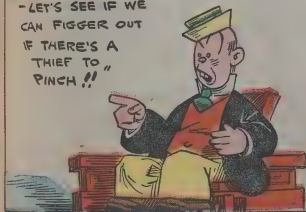
AND PEOPLE WHISPERED,  
"THIS IS RICH!  
WE'LL HAVE A LOT  
OF FUN  
WITH JAKE, OUR  
LOCAL PINKERTON,  
BEFORE THIS  
THING IS DONE!"



"WE'RE ASKED TO PINCH  
A THIEF," SAID JAKE,  
"BUT, ERE WE MOVE  
AN INCH, -"

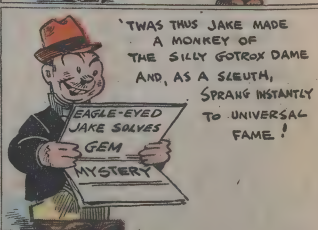
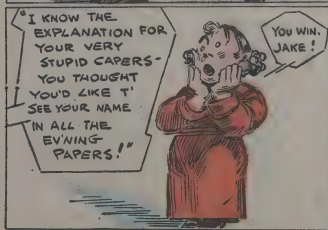
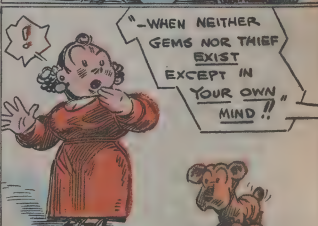
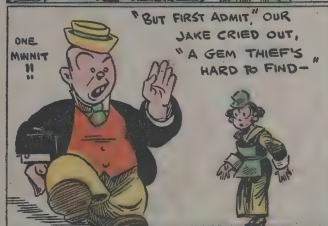


"-LET'S SEE IF WE  
CAN FIGGER OUT  
IF THERE'S A  
THIEF TO  
PINCH!!"



"AND, TOO, T' STAGE A  
JEWEL THEFT  
YUM GOTTA HAVE  
SOME JOOLS!  
T' START OUT  
HUNTIN' OTHERWISE  
WE'D BE A  
PACK O' FOOLS!"





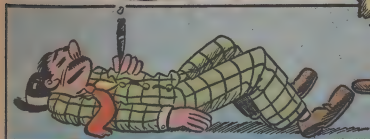
# SILLY SLURPS

JUST 'CAUSE HE'S GOT BIG FEET AN' A DERBY HAT, GUS IS TAKIN' A CORRESPONDENCE COURSE IN DETECTING!!



IS THAT THE BODY?

NO - INSPECTOR SCHMALTZ IS TRYIN' T'FIND TH' MURDERER BY GETTIN' IN TH' VICTIM'S FRAME OF MIND!



WHERE ARE YA GOIN' - REILLY?? TO A MASQUERADE?

NO - YOU DOPE! I'M IN DISGUISE - THERE'S BEEN A MURDER DOWN AT THE ZOO!

YOU GOTTA TATTOO A BADGE HERE ON MY CHEST - I JUST GOT A JOB AS HOUSE-DETECTIVE IN A NUDIST CAMP!!





# Buck MARSHALL

## RANGE DETECTIVE

BY HOMER ECKING

BUCK MARSHALL, RANGE DETECTIVE, RECEIVES A LETTER FROM HIS FRIEND, THE SHERIFF. THE MESSAGE IS URGENT—CATTLE THIEVES ARE TERRORIZING THE COUNTRY.

BUCK LOSES NO TIME IN RESPONDING TO THE SHERIFF'S APPEAL FOR HELP, AND NOW, IS PULLING UP HIS HORSE AT THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE, AFTER A LONG, HARD RIDE OVER PLAINS AND MOUNTAIN TRAILS... HE HAS NEVER BEEN IN THIS PART OF THE COUNTRY BEFORE, HAVING KNOWN THE SHERIFF IN TEXAS.

THE SHERIFF MUST BE IN—HIS DOOR IS OPEN



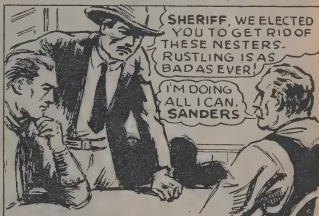
HELLO! SHERIFF

HOW ARE YOU?  
BUCK—TAKE A SEAT—I WANT TO TALK TO YOU



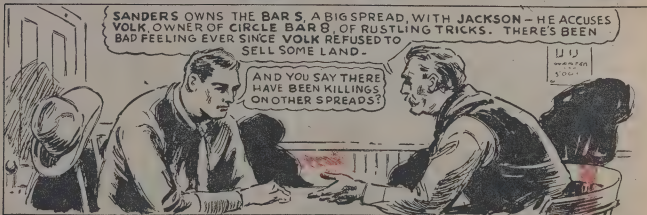
SHERIFF, WE ELECTED YOU TO GET RID OF THESE NESTERS. RUSTLING IS AS BAD AS EVER!

I'M DOING ALL I CAN, SANDERS



SANDERS OWNS THE BAR S, A BIG SPREAD, WITH JACKSON—HE ACCUSES VOLK, OWNER OF CIRCLE BAR 8, OF RUSTLING TRICKS. THERE'S BEEN BAD FEELING EVER SINCE VOLK REFUSED TO SELL SOME LAND.

AND YOU SAY THERE HAVE BEEN KILLINGS ON OTHER SPREADS?





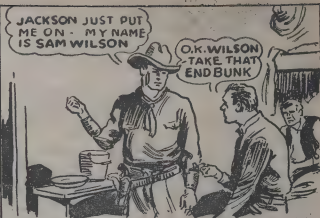
BUCK APPLIES  
FOR A JOB AT  
BAR 8, USING  
ANOTHER  
NAME

YES, WE CAN USE ANOTHER  
HAND - SEE SLICK  
AT THE BUNKHOUSE



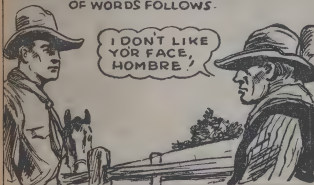
JACKSON JUST PUT  
ME ON - MY NAME  
IS SAM WILSON

O.K. WILSON  
TAKE THAT  
ENDBUNK

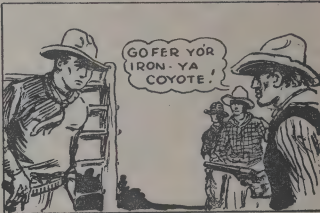


AS BUCK STARTS FOR THE CORRAL, A BURLY  
COWBOY JOSTLES HIM - AN EXCHANGE  
OF WORDS FOLLOWS.

I DON'T LIKE  
YÖR FACE,  
HOMBRE!



GOFER YÖR  
IRON - YA  
COYOTE!



BEFORE THE COWBOY COULD PUL - THE  
TRIGGER, A BULLET FROM BUCK'S GUN  
SMASHES THE COWBOY'S GUN FROM  
HIS FINGERS



NOW, IF ANY  
OF YOU OTHER  
GENTS -

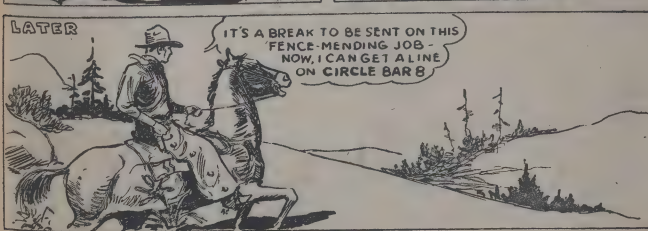
I AINT TAKIN' UP  
RAWHIDE'S FIGHT!

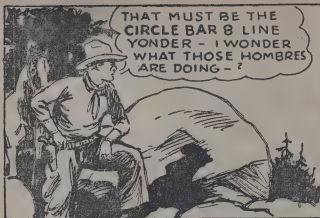
ME, NEITHER



LATER

IT'S A BREAK TO BE SENT ON THIS  
FENCE-MENDING JOB -  
NOW, I CAN GET A LINE  
ON CIRCLE BAR 8





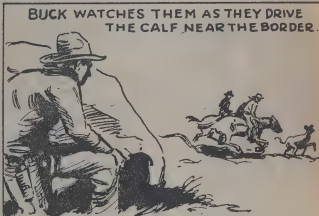
THAT MUST BE THE  
CIRCLE BAR 8 LINE  
YONDER - I WONDER  
WHAT THOSE HOMBRES  
ARE DOING - ?



I'M ALMOST CLOSE  
ENOUGH NOW TO  
SEE - BRANDING, EH!



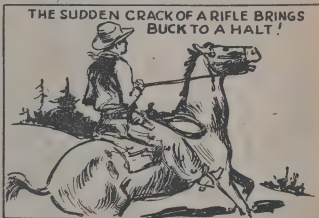
PUT IT ON THE  
LEFT HIP, TOO



BUCK WATCHES THEM AS THEY DRIVE  
THE CALF NEAR THE BORDER.

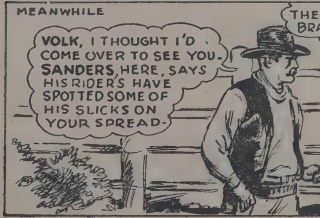


I'LL JUST TAKE A  
LOOK AT THAT CALF



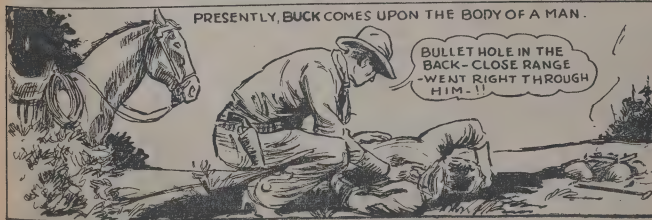
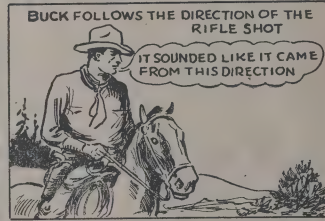
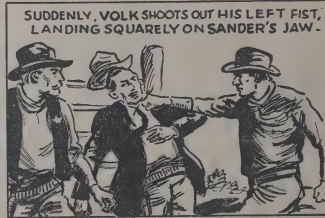
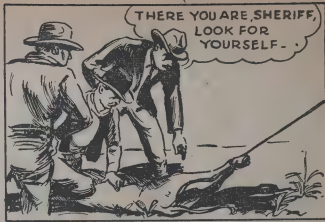
THE SUDDEN CRACK OF A RIFLE BRINGS  
BUCK TO A HALT!

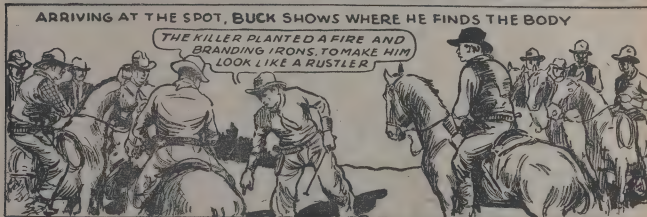
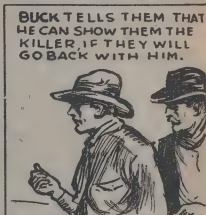
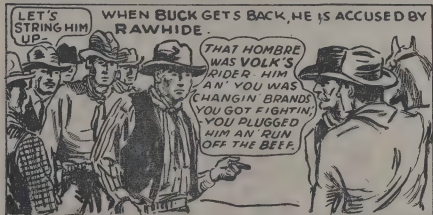
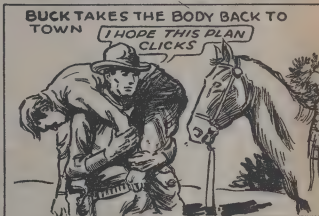
MEANWHILE



VOLK, I THOUGHT I'D  
COME OVER TO SEE YOU.  
SANDERS, HERE, SAYS  
HIS RIDERS HAVE  
SPOTTED SOME OF  
HIS SLICKS ON  
YOUR SPREAD.

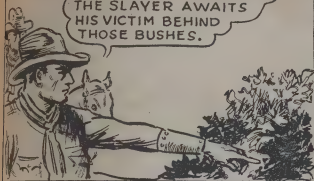
THERE'S NOTHING BUT MY OWN  
BRAND HERE, SHERIFF



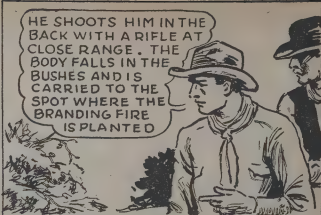




HOOF MARKS SHOW THAT THE SLAYER AWAITS HIS VICTIM BEHIND THOSE BUSHES.

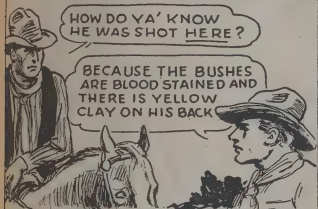


HE SHOOTS HIM IN THE BACK WITH A RIFLE AT CLOSE RANGE. THE BODY FALLS IN THE BUSHES AND IS CARRIED TO THE SPOT WHERE THE BRANDING FIRE IS PLANTED

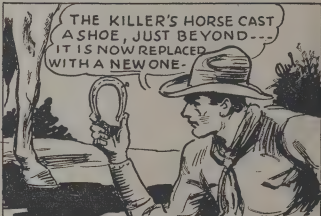


HOW DO YA' KNOW HE WAS SHOT HERE?

BECAUSE THE BUSHES ARE BLOOD STAINED AND THERE IS YELLOW CLAY ON HIS BACK

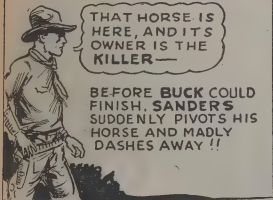


THE KILLER'S HORSE CAST A SHOE, JUST BEYOND--- IT IS NOW REPLACED WITH A NEW ONE-

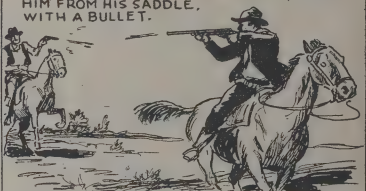


THAT HORSE IS HERE, AND ITS OWNER IS THE KILLER—

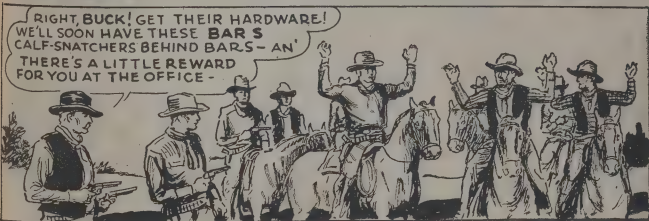
BEFORE BUCK COULD FINISH. SANDER'S SUDDENLY PIVOTS HIS HORSE AND MADLY DASHES AWAY !!



THE SHERIFF, CLOSE AT HIS HEELS, TUMBLES HIM FROM HIS SADDLE, WITH A BULLET.



RIGHT, BUCK! GET THEIR HARDWARE! WE'LL SOON HAVE THESE BAR S CALF-SNATCHERS BEHIND BARS- AN' THERE'S A LITTLE REWARD FOR YOU AT THE OFFICE -



# SLAM BRADLEY

JEROME  
SIEGEL  
and JOE  
SHUSTER

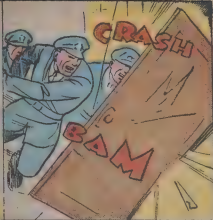
SO YOU  
WANT TO  
PLAY, EH?

BAM!



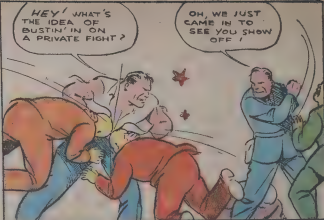
ON A HIDDEN CATACOMB UNDER THE STREETS OF CHINATOWN, SLAM BRADLEY, ACE FREE LANCE SLEUTH, FIGHTER AND ADVENTURER, IS TANGLING WITH A MOB OF CELESTIALS WHO RESENT HIS INVESTIGATING. KNIVES FLASH! FISTS FLY! ALTHO' OUTNUMBERED, SLAM IS HAVING A SWELL TIME!

SUDDENLY  
A LOCKED  
DOOR  
CRASHES  
INWARD  
BEFORE  
THE  
CHARGE  
OF A  
SWARM  
OF  
BLUE-COATS



HEY! WHAT'S  
THE IDEA OF  
BUSTIN' IN ON  
A PRIVATE FIGHT?

OH, WE JUST  
CAME IN TO  
SEE YOU SHOW  
OFF!



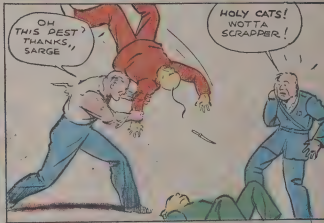
SERGEANT KELLY, IF  
I WASN'T HAVIN' SUCH  
A GOOD TIME I'D  
POP YOU ONE IN  
THE SHOOT!

BEHIND  
YOU, SLAM!



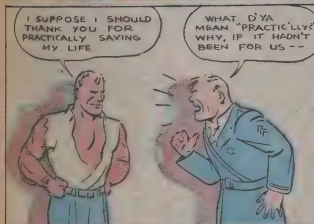
OH  
THIS BEST,  
THANKS,  
SARGE

HOLY CATS!  
WOTTA  
SCRAPPER!



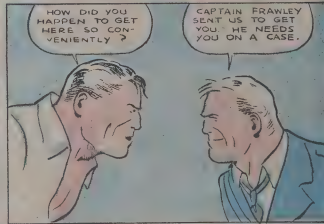
I SUPPOSE I SHOULD  
THANK YOU FOR  
PRACTICALLY SAVING  
MY LIFE

WHAT D'YA  
MEAN "PRACTIC'LLY"?  
WHY, IF IT HADN'T  
BEEN FOR US --



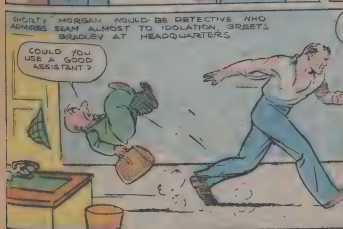
HOW DID YOU  
HAPPEN TO GET  
HERE SO CON-  
VENIENTLY?

CAPTAIN FRAWLEY  
SENT US TO GET  
YOU. HE NEEDS  
YOU ON A CASE.



SHORTY MORGAN WOULD BE DETECTIVE WHO  
ADMIRES SLAM ALMOST TO ISOLATION, BRGETS  
BRADLEY AT HEADQUARTERS

COULD YOU  
USE A GOOD  
ASSISTANT?



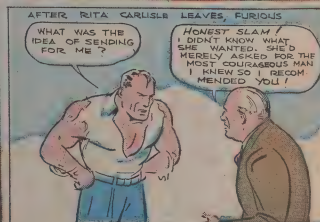
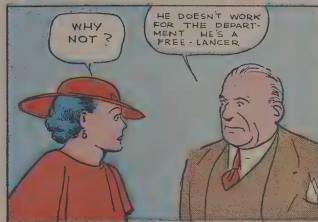
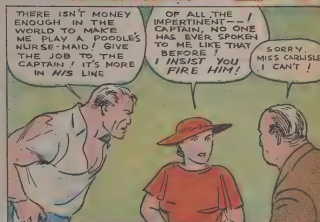
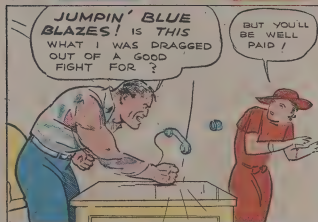
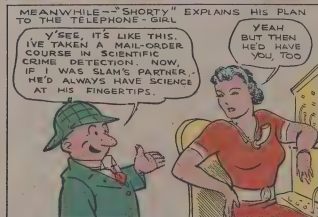
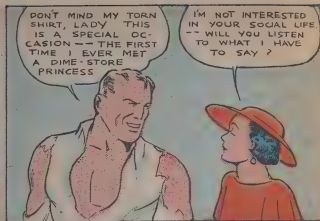
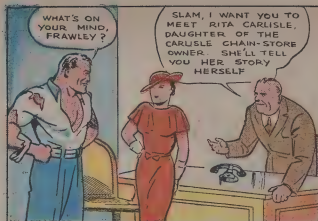
ASIDE, RUN'  
FOR THE HUNDRETH  
TIME -- NO!

HI, SLAM!

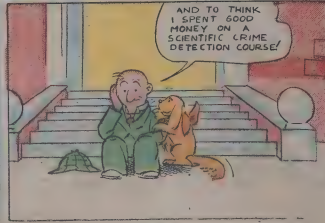
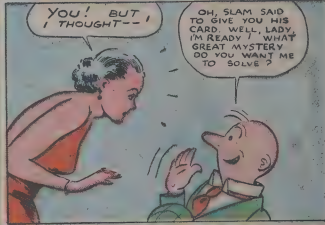
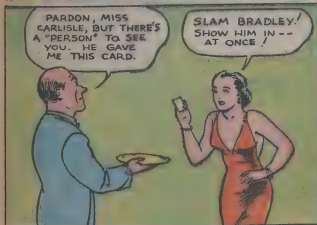
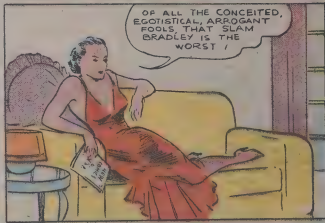
WELL, WELL,  
IF IT ISN'T  
THE HUMAN  
WHIRLWIND!

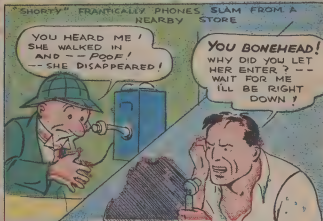
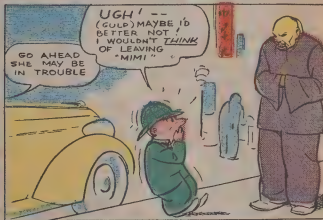
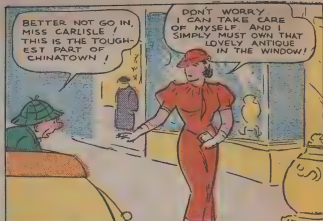
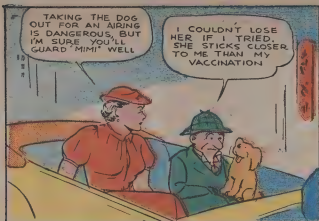
WHAT DID  
Y'SCRAP WITH  
TODAY? A  
STEAMSHOVEL?

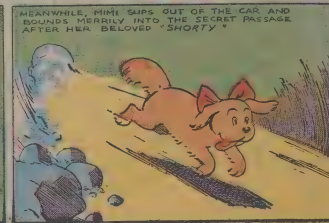
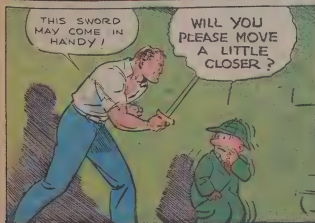
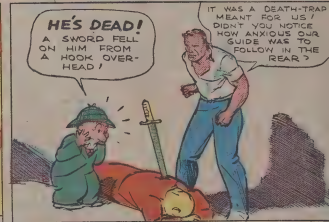
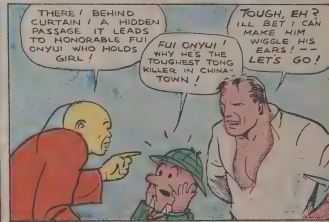
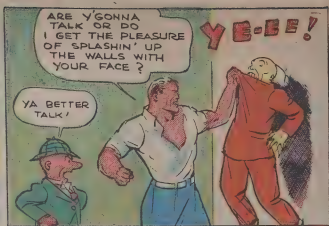
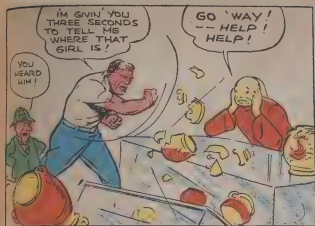


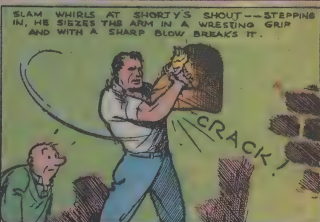
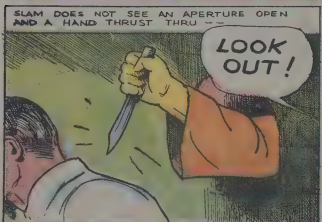
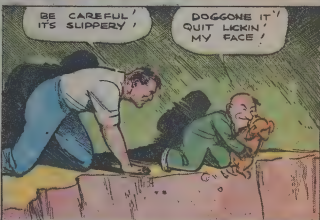
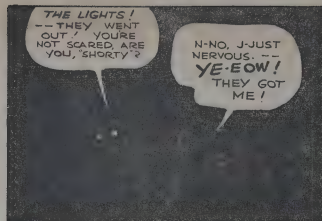




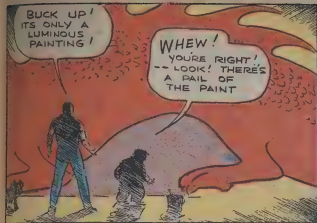




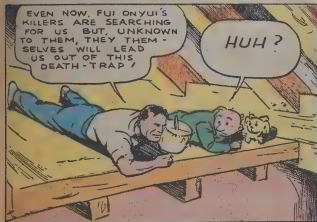
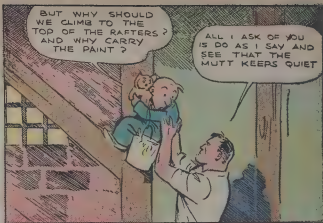






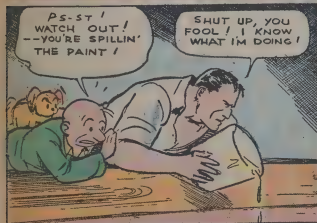
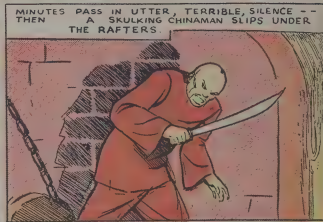


WHEW!  
YOU'RE RIGHT!  
--LOOK! THERE'S  
A PAIR OF  
THE PAINT



EVEN NOW, FUJ ONYU'S  
KILLERS ARE SEARCHING  
FOR US BUT, UNKNOWN  
TO THEM, THEY THEM-  
SELVES WILL LEAD  
US OUT OF THIS  
DEATH-TRAP!

HUH?



PS-ST!  
WATCH OUT!  
--YOU'RE SPILLIN'  
THE PAINT!

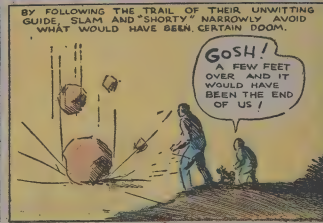
SHUT UP, YOU  
FOOL! I KNOW  
WHAT I'M DOING!



YOU SEE THE LUMINOUS PAINT  
FELL ON HIS BACK AND WE CAN  
SEE HIM IN THE DARK.  
ALL WE'VE GOT TO DO IS  
FOLLOW HIM AND WE'LL  
AVOID ALL THE PITFALLS  
LAID FOR US!

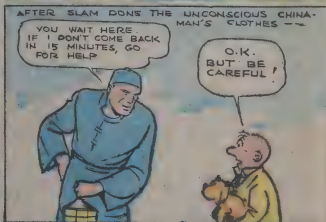
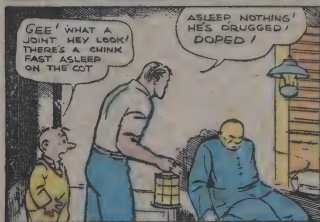
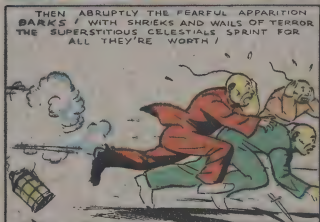
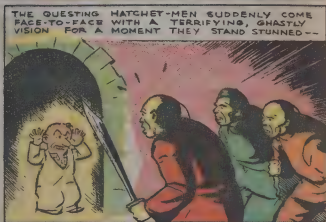
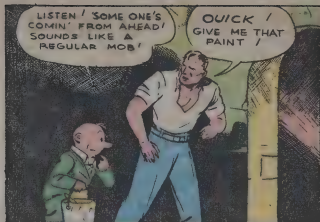


THAT'S RICH!  
THE DUMB CLUCK  
WANTS TO KILL US  
BUT IS LEADING  
US TO SAFETY!



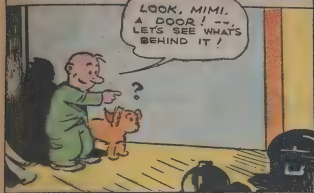
BY FOLLOWING THE TRAIL OF THEIR UNWITTING  
GUIDE, SLAM AND "SHORTY" NARROWLY AVOID  
WHAT WOULD HAVE BEEN CERTAIN DOOM.

GOSH!  
A FEW FEET  
OVER AND IT  
WOULD HAVE  
BEEN THE END  
OF US!

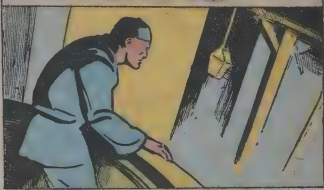


A FEW MOMENTS AFTER SLAM STEALS FROM THE ROOM

LOOK, MIMI,  
A DOOR! --  
LET'S SEE WHAT'S  
BEHIND IT!



MEANWHILE -- LOOKING DOWN FROM ATOP A HIGH BANNISTER SLAM FINDS HE HAS COME TO THE END OF HIS SEARCH



WHAT  
SLAM  
SAW  
!

MAY I REMIND YOU THAT  
I, FU OHYU, AM NOT TO  
BE TRIED WITH? IF YOU  
DO AS I DIRECT YOU  
WILL SAVE YOURSELF  
UNBEARABLE PAIN

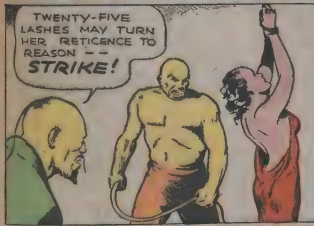


WILL YOU SIGN  
THIS PAPER OR  
MUST I PERMIT  
MY TORTURERS  
TO PURSUE THEIR  
PROFESSION?

I'LL SIGN  
NOTHING!



TWENTY-FIVE  
LASHES MAY TURN  
HER RETICENCE TO  
REASON --  
**STRIKE!**



SLAM HAS HEARD ENOUGH! WITH A WAR-WHOOP  
OF RAGE HE SEIZES AN ORNATE SASH AND  
SWINGS DOWN TOWARD THE ASTOUNDED TOR-  
TURERS LIKE A RELEASED CATAPULT!

COMING! --  
Y'YELLOW  
RATS!

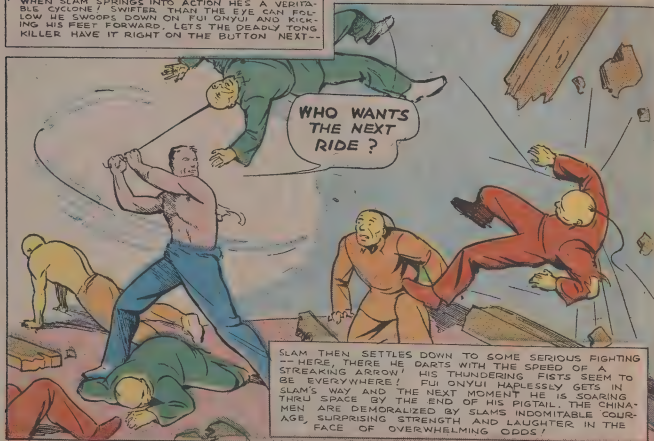
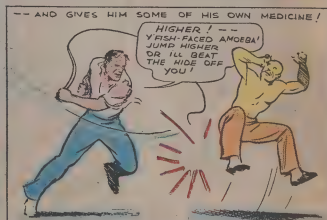
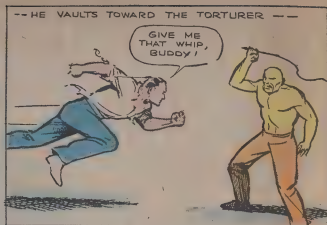


SLAM  
BRADLEY!



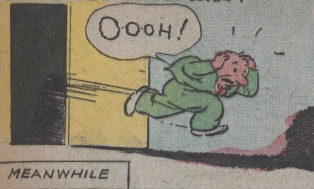


WHEN SLAM SPRINGS INTO ACTION HE'S A VERITABLE CYCLONE! SWIFTER THAN THE EYE CAN FOLLOW HE SWOOPS DOWN ON FUI ONYUI AND KICKING HIS FEET FORWARD, LETS THE DEADLY TONG KILLER HAVE IT RIGHT ON THE BUTT--





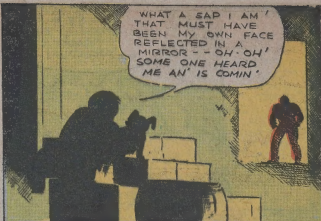
CURIOUSLY OPENING A CLOSET-DOOR "SHORTY" PEERS DIRECTLY INTO A TERRIFYING FACE INSTANTLY HE DIVES FOR COVER!



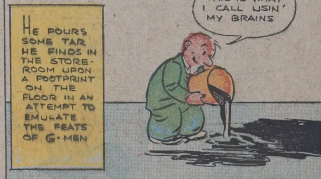
THE ALARMED SENTINEL SMILES CRAFTILY TO HIMSELF AS HE HEARS A MUFFLED BARK FROM A NEARBY BOX BUT AS HE LIFTS HIS HATCHET --

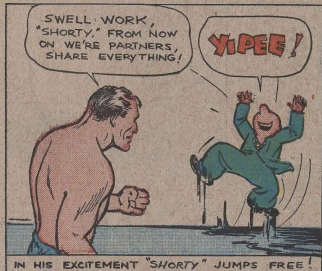
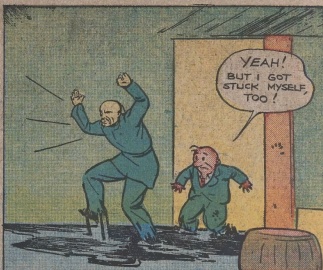


THE CHINKS ROUTED, SLAM FREES RITA.



"SHORTY" HAS AN INSPIRATION HOW HE CAN DEMONSTRATE HIS SCIENTIFIC METHODS TO SLAM





IN HIS EXCITEMENT "SHORTY" JUMPS FREE!

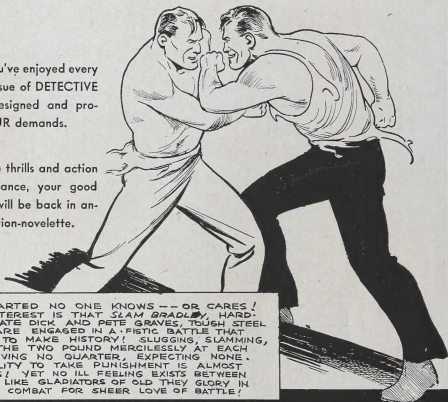


**NEXT ISSUE** SLAM GOES TO TOWN  
**SKYSCRAPER DEATH**

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## ASK FOR IT BY NAME!

MARCH, 1937

## **Detective** **COMICS**

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**MALCOLM WHEELER-NICHOLSON**

*Editor and Publisher*

**VINCENT A. SULLIVAN**

**F. WHITNEY ELLSWORTH**

*Associate Editors*

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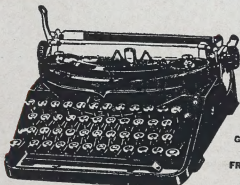
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